Haſt. So proſper I, as I ſweare perfect loue.
Ri. And I as I loue *Haſtings* with my heart.
Kin. Maddam, your ſelfe is not exempt in this,
Nor your ſonne *Dorſet*, *Buckingham*, nor you,
You haue bene factious one againſt the other:
Wife, loue Lord *Haſtings*, let him kiſſe your hand,
And what you doe, do it vnfainedly.
Qu. Heere *Haſtings*, I will neuer more remember
Our former hatred, ſo thriue I and mine.
Dor. Thus enterchange of loue, I here proteſt,
Vpon my part ſhall be vnuiolable.
Ha. And ſo I ſweare my Lord.
Kin. Now princely *Buckingham* ſeale vp this league,
With thy embracement to my wiues allies,
And make me hapy in his vnity.
Buc. When euer *Buckingham* doth turne his hate
On you, or yours, but with all dutious loue
Doth cheriſh you and yours, God puniſh mee.
With hate, in thoſe where I expect moſt loue,
When I haue moſt neede to imploy a friend.
And moſt aſſured that he is a friend,
Deepe, hollow, trecherous, and full of guile
Be he vnto me: This doe I begge of God,
When I am cold in zeale to you or yours.
Kin. A pleaſing cordiall princely *Buckingham*,
Is this thy vow vnto my ſickly heart:
There wanteth now our brother *Gloceſter* here,
to make the perfect period of this peace.

Enter Gloseſter.

Buc. And in good time heere comes the noble Duke,
Glo. Good morrow to my ſouereigne King and Queene,
And princely peares, a happy time of day.
Kin. Happy indeede as wee haue ſpent the day,
Brother wee haue done deeds of charity:
Made peace of emnity, faire loue of hate,
Betweene theſe ſwelling wrong inſcenſed peeres.
Glo. A bleſſed labour moſt ſoueraigne liege,
Amongſt this princely heape, if any here
By falſe inteligence, or wrong ſurmiſe,

Hold me a foe, if I vnwittingly or in
Haue thought committed that is har
By any in this preſence, I deſire
To reconcile me to his friendly peac
Tis death to mee to be at emnity.
I hate it and deſire all good mens lo
Firſt Maddam I intreat peace of yo
Which I purchace with my dutious
Of you my noble couſen *Buckingha*
If euer any grudge were lod'gd betw
Of you my Lord *Riuers*, and Lord
That all without deſert haue fround
Dukes, Earles, Lords, Gentilemen, inc
I do not know that Engliſhman aliu
With whome my ſoule is any iotte
More then the infant that is borne to
I thanke my God for my humility,
Qu. A holy day ſhall this be kept
I would to God all ſtriſe were well
My ſouereigne leige I do beſeech yo
To take our brother *Clarence*, to yo
Glo. Why Maddam, haue I offere
To be thus ſcornd in this royall pre
Who knowes not that the noble Duk
You doe him iniury to ſcorne his coa
Ri. Who knowes not he is dead
Qu. All ſeeing heauen, what a w
Buc. Looke I ſo pale Lord *Dorſe*
Dor. I my good Lord and noone
But his red colour hath forſooke his
Kin. Is *Clarence* dead? the order w
Glo. But He poore ſoule by our firſ
And that a winged Mercury did bea
Some tardy cripple bore the couuterma
That came too lagge to ſee him buri
God graunt that ſome leſſe noble and
Neerer in bloody thoughts, but not
Deſerue not worſe then wretched *Cl*
And yet goe currant from ſuſpition.